

THE ALMOST COMPLETELY TRUE HISTORY OF "THE BRANDON SHOW"

By

ED! THOMAS

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<http://www.thebrandonshow.com/>
<http://www.edthemusical.com/>

FADE IN:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's a beautiful day outside the bedroom of CHRISTAN MATTHEWS, who, sadly, is home sick from school with a terrible virus that leaves his G.I. Tract looking like Hiroshima. He's playing some video games when his mother, MARY MATTHEWS, walks in the room.

MARY

Hey, buddy, how you feeling?

CHRISTAN

A little better, Mom.

MARY

That's great... Hey, I got a surprise for you...

CHRISTAN

Really? Is it a new video game? A pony? A hooker?

MARY

No, silly... your Grandfather is coming over!

CHRISTAN

Oh. So you're gonna torture me. Hell of a 'surprise,' Mom.

MARY

Now, don't be like that...

CHRISTAN

I mean, he's gonna come in here, all creepy-like, slap my face, and then mutter something in Yiddish. Then he'll insist on reading me some stupid book, at which point he'll expect me to fall into the wonder of the story, when all I really wanna do is kill hookers in my video game.

MARY

He just wants to try to make you feel better.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTAN

I wish Dad were alive... he
wouldn't force me to go through
this.

Suddenly, the bedroom door bursts open, Christan's
GRANDFATHER coming into the room as if he were an opening
act for a Glam-Rock cover band. Under his arm, he is
carrying a large, old book.

GRANDFATHER

Hey, kiddo!

The Grandfather goes over to Christan, gives him a playful
slap in the face.

GRANDFATHER

Alle menzen muscha macchen; hayden
tuga gatchen-cashen pishen
pippy-cocken!

Christan gives his Mother a look, indicating that he totally
called this whole scene. His Mother, amused, shrugs, and
walks out of the room.

GRANDFATHER (cont'd)

How you feelin', sport?

CHRISTAN

Fine.

GRANDFATHER

That's
great. Fantastic. Wonderful. Hey! You
wanna hear a story?

CHRISTAN

Do I have a choice?

GRANDFATHER

Not really, no.

CHRISTAN

Alright, then. Get it over with so
I can go back to rotting my brain
with games clearly made for people
much older than myself.

GRANDFATHER

Fair enough.

The Grandfather pulls out a pair of reading glasses, opens
the book, and begins to read.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFATHER
"The Almost Completely True History
Of 'The Brandon Show' "

CUT TO:

EXT. MONROE-WOODBURY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's a sunny spring day at Monroe-Woodbury High School; the grass is green, the sky is blue and void of clouds, the works. The time is drawing near for the Class of 2001 to say their goodbyes to the school that has been their home for the past several years, leading the graduating class to feel anticipation, anxious, and other feelings that start with the letter 'A.'

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
Spring, 2001: A time of anticipation and anxiety for the graduating class of Monroe-Woodbury High School, as they prepare to leave the hallowed halls in pursuit of higher education. No one is more excited by this than Brandon J. Mendelson, host of the local radio program, "The Brandon Show." Today was planned as the last broadcast of the show on WEXR, so that Brandon could focus on preparing himself for college.

Suddenly, BRANDON MENDELSON comes running across the field in front of the High School, screaming for his life, waving his hands around like a constipated chimpanzee.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.) (cont'd)
On today's show, Brandon made a few comments that could be seen by some as "controversial;" he reasoned that it might increase his total listeners a bit, and allow him to go off the air with a bang. On the plus side, Brandon was right: He did have many more listeners today than ever before.

Now running across the field is an ANGRY MOB, carrying rakes, shovels, pitchforks and, most dangerously of all, a Garden Weasel.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFATHER (V.O.) (cont'd)

The down side, however, was that his idea of "going out with a bang" did not involve provoking the entire town to gather together to hunt him down for a lynching.

EXT. MONROE-WOODBURY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - A FEW WEEKS LATER

It's just after Graduation, and Brandon is walking alone across the same field that he had been chased on a few weeks earlier. He's depressed, knowing that he will be forever remembered as the guy who brought the town together in a mass homicidal frenzy.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

Brandon did escape his perusers, thanks to the timely intervention of the world-famous 1990's rapper, MC Hammer.

As Brandon walks to his car, dejected, TWO PARENTS pass by, carrying chairs, obviously coming from the graduation. They look at him, leering at him like he had just asked if he could sleep with their cat.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

However, all was still not forgiven...

PARENT

Screw you, ass!

Brandon turns to the noise, waves, and smiles.

BRANDON

(Dejected)

Thanks... see you at home, Mom.

He hangs his head again, hoping to avoid any more close brushes with death.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

Walking alone to his car, Brandon began to think of the future... how, in just a few short weeks, he'd be on his way to the State University of New York at Alfred, four hours away from the town that now hates and despises him, where he could get the fresh start that he needs. He also

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFATHER (V.O.) (cont'd)
assumed it wouldn't last very long,
given his luck, but it was a nice
thought none the less.

CREDIT MONTAGE

A montage of scenes that plays while the theme goes on:
Brandon packing for school, Brandon thoughtful on the bus up
to Alfred, things of that nature. It ends with...

EXT. ALFRED STATE COLLEGE - DAY

Brandon is walking up a pretty steep hill, lugging two large
suitcases with him. He stops, dropping the suitcases, in
front of the SUNY Alfred sign at the entrance of the
school. Bending over, he attempts to catch his breath.

BRANDON
(Gasping for air)
Finally... here...

Brandon pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket, and reads
it.

BRANDON (cont'd)
Okay... "MacKenzie Hall." Gotta
find "MacKenzie Hall."

A RANDOM STUDENT passes by, whistling like he doesn't have a
care in the world.

BRANDON (cont'd)
Excuse me?

RANDOM STUDENT
Yep?

BRANDON
Could you point me in the direction
of MacKenzie Hall?

RANDOM STUDENT
MacKenzie? Sure!

The student points up an even bigger hill than the one
Brandon had to go up to get this far.

(CONTINUED)

RANDOM STUDENT (cont'd)
Go up the hill to the top, and
it'll be on your left.

BRANDON
Uh... just how far does that mean
I have to go?

RANDOM STUDENT
Well, I'd tell ya, but then you
might go and kill yourself right
where you stand, and that'd make me
late for my haircut, what with
filling out the necessary paperwork
and all.

BRANDON
Oh.

RANDOM STUDENT
You a freshman?

BRANDON
(Staring blankly up the hill)
Huh? Oh, yeah.

RANDOM STUDENT
Well, good luck to you, then!

BRANDON
Thanks. I think.

With that, the random student continues on his way, paying no attention to Brandon anymore. Brandon, shaking his head as if to knock the cobwebs out of his brain, picks up his suitcases and begins to hike up the mountain.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
With that, Brandon began the long
trudge up the steepest hill he had
ever seen. As he continued on his
journey, he began to think that
maybe walking up this hill was a
metaphor; he had hit rock bottom,
and Alfred was the start of his new
life, where he would slowly climb
to the top.

Brandon trips on something, and falls flat on his face.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Suddenly, Brandon decided that
waxing poetic was stupid, mainly
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFATHER (V.O.) (cont'd)
because the metaphor he'd come up
with for that would leave him
crying like a little girl, curled
in the fetal position. And,
frankly, that would be a pretty
sorry way to begin your college
career.

INT. BRANDON'S DORM ROOM

Kicking open the door, Brandon comes lurching into his room,
acting as if he had just completed a marathon.

BRANDON
Twenty God damn minutes to get up
that stupid God damn hill, and then
they have to put me on the top God
damn floor of a building with no
God damn elevators...? GAH!

Brandon throws his suitcases to the side as he walks
sleepily toward his bed, promptly falling on it. He closes
his eyes, hoping to catch a quick nap before he has to do
anything.

Suddenly, the door slams open again, this time a large man
in a Hawaiian shirt comes lumbering in, carrying his own
suitcases. Unlike Brandon, the hike up the hill, and the
subsequent stairs, has had no effect on CHRIS BELUSHI at
all, as he is as annoyingly perky as could be.

CHRIS
Yo, buddy! Hey, c'mon, man, get
up! Don'cha know that it's rude to
meet your roomie with that crusty
eye-booger crap all over the
place?!

CHRIS
C'mon, man, up and at 'em! Carpe
the diem! This is college, not a
nursing home! Plenty of time to
sleep... especially with slutty
sorority chicks!

BRANDON
I'm sorry, and you are--?

CHRIS
Chris, man, but you can call me
"Big Poppa C!" Everyone else
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
does... or will, as soon as they
see what I'm packin' in
here! Ha-heh! You feel me?

BRANDON
Oh, good God.

CHRIS
What you go by?

BRANDON
Brandon. Just... Brandon.

CHRIS
Nah, man, you can't do that! The
ladies, man, they won't remember
something as lame as "Brandon"...

BRANDON
I'm sure the ones with an IQ over
negative ten will.

CHRIS
...we gotta come up with something
catchy. Something that will
totally take the ladies by
surprise... What's your last name?

BRANDON
Mendelson.

CHRIS
That's it... I'll call you 'BM!

BRANDON
Great... so I share a nickname
with 'bowel movement'?

CHRIS
"Bowel?" Damn, man, you're
smart... I like that! I wouldn't
know what a bowel was if it bit me
in the ass!

BRANDON
How ironic.

CHRIS
Okay, I dunno what that means,
either... but whatevs, right? We
got more important things to do...

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

I'm almost afraid to ask.

CHRIS

There's a club fair going on,
man! And you know what that means!

BRANDON

I suppose you'll tell me,
regardless.

CHRIS

Chicks, bro! As far as the eye can
see!

BRANDON

Why does this not surprise me?

CHRIS

Women of all shapes, sizes, colors,
and budding bisexual curiosity! If
we play our cards right, we could
spend our first night on campus in
a freakin' orgy!

BRANDON

Well, doesn't that sound like a
flawless plan?

CHRIS

Damn skippy it is!

Chris puts his arm around Brandon's shoulders, ushering him
out of the room. Brandon is very uncomfortable with this,
and is acting like Chris just threw a steamy turd at him.

BRANDON

(Under his breath)

Kill me now.

INT. STUDENT UNION

The main hall of the Student Union is a flurry of activity,
with people shouting, trying to grab as much attention for
their chosen club as possible.

As Brandon and Chris go walking through the door, a GIRL,
handing out flyer's for her club, rushes them, waving the
papers in their face like it's a matter of life or death.

(CONTINUED)

FLYER GIRL

(Speaking way too quickly)

Oh, my God, hi! You guys look like you'd totally fit in to our Caffeine Appreciation Society! We meet every night at 11, then the meetings adjourn at 6 the next morning, and then we go to class and do it all over again, surviving only by Jolt Cola and weight-loss pills! It's so awesome! Once you stop sleeping, you never realize you missed it, 'cause I haven't slept in six weeks and the only thing that I've noticed is that I sometimes go into a massive convulsion fit!

With that, the Flyer Girl falls to the floor, twitching like an electrocuted squirrel on crack. Brandon and Chris look at each other, shrug, and casually step over her.

CHRIS

Hey, you got a pen?

Brandon reaches into his pocket, grabbing a permanent marker.

BRANDON

Would this do?

CHRIS

Yep.

Chris scribbles something on the back of the flyer, and puts it under the face of Flyer Girl, stepping away slowly.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Thanks, bro.

BRANDON

Should I even ask?

CHRIS

Gave her my number. She's totally hot.

As Chris and Brandon walk away, a hairy arm takes the paper from under the girls head.

Brandon and Chris are pushing their way through the crowd, trying not to get paper cuts from the flyer's and posters being thrown around.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

Alright, man, where you wanna go first? Women's volleyball? Swim team? Gay/Lesbian Association?

BRANDON

Wouldn't you have to be, I dunno, gay to be in that club?

CHRIS

Nah, man; I'm there to educate. Way I see it, every woman there is just one night with me away from becoming a bisexual.

BRANDON

Oh, good God.

CHRIS

That's usually what they're screaming, yeah. Zing!

BRANDON

Tell you what: why don't I go check out the radio station, and you can see whatever you want, and we'll meet up after or something?

CHRIS

Alright, man... but, remember, you see any hotties...

BRANDON

(Sarcastically)

I promise I'll do everything I can to score an orgy.

CHRIS

Attaboy! Hit me!

Chris holds up his hand, expecting a high-five, not understanding Brandon was being completely sarcastic. Brandon, shaking his head, just turns and walks away, leaving Chris hanging.

CHRIS (cont'd)

That ain't cool, man. That ain't cool at all.

Brandon walks toward the table for the radio station, standing behind which is DJ THROWAWAY, a tall guy sporting a crap load of chains, handing out more flyers. Clearly, the Kinko's in Alfred doesn't have a problem staying open.

(CONTINUED)

DJ THROWAWAY

What up, Alfred State? This is DJ Throwaway, comin' to you live from the general meeting room of the Student Union, looking for some new talent to put on the air!

Brandon grabs the sign-up sheet, scribbling his information on it.

DJ THROWAWAY

Remember, all you gotta do to get a radio show on WETD is after you sign the sheet is come down to the station meeting room at eight tonight, where we'll be assigning you a time-slot!

Brandon looks around, trying to find something to indicate where the radio station is. Unable to find anything, he grabs a random flyer, flips it over, and scribbles 'WHERE'S THE STATION?' on it.

DJ THROWAWAY (cont'd)

Oh, it's in the same building as the gym.

BRANDON

Uh, isn't talking to me going to confuse the people listening right now?

DJ THROWAWAY

Nah... I'm pretending. We don't have any portable equipment, so this is all just for show.

Another student comes up to the table looking curious. DJ Throwaway goes right back into character, ignoring Brandon.

DJ THROWAWAY (cont'd)

That's right, Alfred State! DJ Throwaway is here at the club fair, spinnin' some tunes and signing up new talent!

BRANDON

That's promising. More promising than a lynching, anyway.

Brandon turns away from the table, life finally looking up for him.

(CONTINUED)

LESBIAN 1 (O.S.)
You disgusting ass!

Brandon, like everyone else in the room, turns toward the source of the sound. The source, of course, is A LESBIAN MEMBER OF THE GAY/LESBIAN ASSOCIATION, reacting to Chris' pick-up line.

Without warning, the Lesbian reaches out and SLAPS Chris, the echo of the hit ringing across the room. Chris, shocked by the very public nature of his humiliation, sheepishly slinks away, hoping to avoid any further attention.

He comes over to Brandon, acting like nothing had happened, save for the conspicuous rubbing of his face.

CHRIS
Yo, you find the radio people?

BRANDON
Yeah. I see your meeting with the GLA went well?

CHRIS
Totally, man... she dug me.

BRANDON
So, screaming and slapping are just a lesbian way of saying, "Hey, you're kinda cool... take me now, you embodiment of all that is manly!"

CHRIS
You know it; I saw it on The Discovery Channel.

Brandon looks at Chris, giving him a solid, "Don't try to give me that crap" stare.

CHRIS
Or MTV, either way.

INT. RADIO STATION MEETING ROOM

Brandon heads into the main meeting room of the radio station, which is pretty unremarkable in style. People are grouped together, talking, most of them acting like they've been friends for a long time. Brandon, not wanting to barge in and look like a total schmuck, goes and sits in an empty chair in a relatively empty part of the room.

(CONTINUED)

Sitting there, bored, Brandon begins to zone out, not noticing that someone has come up behind him.

ED (O.S.)

Guess you don't know anyone here,
either?

Brandon turns around, surprised. Behind him is ED THOMAS, looking around, not sure what to make of the group of people hanging out in the room.

BRANDON

Yeah; didn't wanna be that guy that makes an awkward entrance in a conversation where he's not wanted, you know?

ED

If I wasn't such an egotistical bastard, I would assume that was a hint for me to screw off.

BRANDON

No, not at all...

ED

Wouldn't have mattered; I would have made you go through an awkward introduction from me before I left you alone, anyway. Ed, by the way.

Ed reaches out his hand to Brandon, smiling as if to silently indicate that he's just screwing with Brandon's head. Brandon takes Ed's hand, thinking that he may have just found the one other person on this campus that's not absolutely insane.

BRANDON

Brandon. Good to meet someone who seems to be... not Alfred-y.

ED

Likewise. Where you from?

BRANDON

Monroe, right outside the outlet mall across the George Washington Bridge. You?

ED

Nassau County. Long Island.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

No crap? That's where I grew up.

ED

What town?

BRANDON

Massapequa.

ED

Ah, home of the Baldwin Brothers, Rosie O'Donnell, and various other vapid celebrities. On the other hand, I'm from Bellmore, home of no one of note whatsoever.

BRANDON

What about Lindsey Lohan? Lenny Bruce?

ED

I said "of note," remember?

DJ Throwaway comes walking into the room, seeming like he's trying to put off a presence that will make him seem completely in control.

DJ THROWAWAY

Alright, everyone, sit down.

Everyone takes a seat, Ed and Brandon sitting next to each other. Throwaway stands at the head of the table, looking like a general, leading the most pathetic platoon of troops in the history of... well, everything.

DJ THROWAWAY (cont'd)

Okay, guys, first of all, great turnout. I'm real happy you all came. Here's the deal: we're gonna count off by three's, around the table.

The people start counting off, with Brandon landing in the 'one' group and Ed landing in the 'two' group.

DJ THROWAWAY (cont'd)

Great. Now, we got too many people here, with not enough spots, so everyone who's a two, get out. Sadly, you won't be getting a shot at a show. Sorry, better luck next time, blah, blah, leave.

(CONTINUED)

Ed is wide-eyed, not believing what has just happened. He looks like he's about to get up and scream at Throwaway, but Brandon grabs his arm to hold him down.

BRANDON

Hey, wait a second. Ed can't go;
he's my co-host.

Ed looks at Brandon, surprised. Throwaway catches a glimpse of the look the two share, and becomes suspicious.

DJ THROWAWAY

Really? And what do you plan on
calling your show? What's the
format?

BRANDON

"The Brandon Show."

ED

Talk, music, and comedy sketches.

BRANDON

A lot of 'man on the street' bits.

ED

Although we're not really sure on
the name.

BRANDON

No, we're committed to it.

ED

Maybe.

Throwaway looks at them, even more suspicious. However, with their group-lie, they have proven that they work well together, so he figures he'll let it slide.

DJ THROWAWAY

Alright... we'll try it. Everyone
who had a show last year, go choose
your time slot; once that's done,
the newbies can go fight over what
time they want.

Ed turns to Brandon, smiling.

ED

Nice cover.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

No problem... and we are calling
it "The Brandon Show."

ED

Fine. Although I'll secretly have
to resent you for stealing the
spotlight from me if this is
successful.

BRANDON

Fair enough.

Brandon and Ed look toward the door, where the rest of the
two's are looking like sad puppies at an animal shelter,
hoping that maybe someone will take pity on them and give
them a show for looking so darn adorable.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH

Three weeks later, Ed and Brandon are in the booth,
preparing for their latest broadcast. Both are calm, being
that their ego's could never accept the possibility that
something could go wrong at any time, especially since it
has been smooth sailing until now.

BRANDON

You got the opening music ready?

ED

Yep.

Ed hits a few buttons on the console, cuing the intro
music. After the intro, Ed and Brandon begin some mindless
banter that is the hallmark of college radio. After a few
minutes, DJ Throwaway comes in the room, his expression
falsely pleasant.

DJ THROWAWAY

Hey, guys. Great show so far.

ED

Thanks, glad you've liked it.

DJ THROWAWAY

Yeah, it's real great. In fact,
given the amount of calls we've
been getting about it, I might say
it's quickly become an overnight
success.

(CONTINUED)

ED

Sweet!

BRANDON

We aim to please.

DJ THROWAWAY

Glad to hear it. So, then, you wouldn't mind switching your time slot, then?

BRANDON

Wait, why? If we're doing so well...

DJ THROWAWAY

Right. Better than every other show on the station.

ED

Lemme guess: including yours?

DJ THROWAWAY

Well, we can't tell if this just happens to be a "hot spot" this semester, or if you guys are really onto something. So, I thought--

BRANDON

Throwing your show where ours is now would be a great test of which theory was correct?

DJ THROWAWAY

Exactly.

ED

Great. So, then, where do you want us to be next week?

DJ THROWAWAY

Thursday nights. Six to ten.

BRANDON

Oh, you mean when classes are getting out, people are eating and studying, and "Friends" is on?

DJ THROWAWAY

Really? I never thought of that. But, you know, that'll be a great deciding factor on whether or not you guys are as popular as it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DJ THROWAWAY (cont'd)
seems... if you can pull people
away from "Friends"...

ED
Dude, Angelina Jolie herself, on
campus, buck naked and offering
herself to whoever shows up
wouldn't get most people away from
"Friends."

BRANDON
It'd work for me.

ED
Yeah, but we're lonely.

BRANDON
True.

DJ THROWAWAY
Well, guys, that's how it works
out. You got, what, another
fifteen left to your show? Enjoy
it. Be sure to let them know of
the change, and get off... I don't
like my show to start late.

ED
Oh, of course.

BRANDON
Your majesty.

DJ THROWAWAY
Watch the tone... and have a great
show.

DJ Throwaway turns and leaves the room, while Brandon and Ed
sit, silent, angry as hell that they're time slot was stolen
from them.

ED
We're not gonna let him get away
with this, right?

BRANDON
I wasn't planning on it, but I
wasn't sure if you were up to it.

ED
C'mon... a chance to bring down
someone more arrogant than me? I'm
always up for that.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

With that, Brandon and Ed announced their programming switch, openly calling for a mass boycott of the time slots occupied by DJ Throwaway.

INT. RADIO STATION MEETING ROOM

Two weeks later, DJ Throwaway is sitting with the radio board, consisting of Faculty Adviser MARC ADMEN, DJ SKANKIN' and DJ MIKEY C, arguing about this attack on his show.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

After two weeks of decreasing ratings of every show but "The Brandon Show," DJ Throwaway called an emergency meeting of the WETD Radio Board, in an attempt to get Brandon and Ed off the air.

DJ THROWAWAY

Dammit, this is the biggest load of crap I've ever heard!

MARC

Scott, please...

DJ THROWAWAY

No! These idiots go and tell people to ignore the rest of our lineup in some sort of power play to make their show look better, and I'm supposed to stand by and let it happen?!

MARC

They'll be in here in a few minutes... try and calm down before they--

DJ THROWAWAY

I'm the general manager of this station! How dare they--

BRANDON (O.S.)

Because you decided that you'd abuse your power to try and get all the glory of the increase in listeners for yourself, instead of those of us who actually did the work to get it.

(CONTINUED)

Ed and Brandon enter the room, looking ready for business. They know damn well that they'll be fighting for the life of the show, and if they lose... well, it'll make continuing doing what they enjoy doing a hell of a lot harder.

DJ THROWAWAY

I asked you to give up that time slot so a more experienced DJ--

ED

Oh, shut the hell up. You wanted to take the listeners we had built up over the course of our first month for yourself, and, when they followed us through every stupid schedule change you threw at us, you got pissed.

BRANDON

Our listeners go up, your's go down, and you start crying like a little girl. Sad, really.

MARC

Now, there is no need for name calling.

DJ THROWAWAY

Screw you guys! No one needs you, and your overwhelming sense of self-preservation, when you should be more concerned about the WETD team!

BRANDON

We'll start giving you the support you want us to give you and your "team" when you give us the support we deserve, dammit!

MARC

(Angry)

Enough! Dammit, this is no way for any of you to behave!

DJ THROWAWAY

Yeah!

BRANDON

He means you, too, ass.

(CONTINUED)

MARC

Look, Brandon... Ed... what do we have to do to get you guys to try and get the rest of the shows on the station getting the listeners we need them to have to keep the station going?

Ed and Brandon look at each other, satisfied. With that, Marc had basically just handed free reign over to them, which is exactly what they wanted.

BRANDON

We want to do two shows a week; one Wednesday, six to ten, the other Friday, six to ten.

ED

We want to get more co-hosts on the show, since two shows a week with just the two of us will get real stale, real quick.

BRANDON

An apology from Throwaway here...

ED

And full access to any pseudo-celebrities the Student Government brings in for interviews done exclusively by us.

MARC

Done. Scott, apologize.

DJ THROWAWAY

Like hell!

MARC

Do it, or you're off the executive board.

Throwaway looks at Brandon and Ed with a fire in his eyes; he hates what he has to do, but will not lose his position because of these two upstart punks.

DJ THROWAWAY

I'm sorry. And I hope you continue to have success on your show.

Brandon and Ed, exchanging a smug look, turn away from Throwaway and begin to walk out the door.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Apology accepted. We'll get on making this station not suck anymore during our next broadcast.

INT. BRANDON'S DORM ROOM

Brandon and Ed, still high off their win over the radio board, come in to find Chris talking on the phone.

CHRIS

Yuh-huh. Sure thing, baby. Absolutely. Fifteen minutes? No problem. Buh-bye.

Chris hangs up the phone, turning to Brandon with a huge smile on his face.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Dude! You'll never guess who called me back!

BRANDON

Not that I would really care to try...

CHRIS

Remember that girl who went into a seizure when we met her at the club fair?

ED

I remember her... I tripped over her when I walked in the room.

CHRIS

Who's this tool?

BRANDON

Ed, the co-host of "The Brandon Show." Ed, this is my roommate, Chris.

ED

Pleasure.

CHRIS

(Clearly not caring)

Whatever. Anyway, she found my number under her head, and called me back! I'm going down to the Taco Bell at the other end of campus to meet up with her.

(CONTINUED)

Chris grabs his coat, heading out the door.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Dude, she's totally hot for
me. I'll see if I can score you a
slutty friend.

BRANDON
Oh, God.

CHRIS
That's what she
said! Zinger! Later, bro.

Chris opens the door, about to exit and leave Ed and Brandon
to discuss their plans for the station in peace, when the
Lesbian that he had hit on at the club fair walks by.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Hey, baby. Haven't I seen you
somewhere before?

LESBIAN 1
You again?!

She slaps him across the face, walking away in a hurry,
angry.

CHRIS
Oh, that's right. Club fair. I
remember.

Chris closes the door, rubbing his face.

ED
Interesting guy.

BRANDON
I suppose, when taken in small
doses. Anyway, what are we gonna
do about this whole "build up the
station" thing?

ED
Well, way I see it, they have some
decent talent there; all we gotta
do is find it, push it into the
Friday edition of the show, and
leave Wednesday for us to do our
thing.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Okay, I agree with that. Who do you have in mind?

ED

Well, I met the three hosts of "Joey's Pizza:" Mary, Keri, and Sarah.

BRANDON

Wait; why do they call it "Joey's Pizza?" None of them are named Joey...

ED

Something to do with some television show they all love, or something. I dunno, I wasn't paying attention to them.

BRANDON

Fair enough. I know Sebastian from "DJ Crab And The Funky Beats," that guy who is big on "The Little Mermaid" and James Brown.

ED

Cool; he has the "big teddy bear" vibe you and I are missing.

BRANDON

Yeah, we're way more like "Tickle Me Ebola Virus Monkeys."

ED

True. Then you got "Drunk Beats," which is pretty funny.

BRANDON

Absolutely; I had lunch with that kid Pete from it. He seemed pretty cool, so I would imagine the rest of the cast would be fine, too.

ED

Alright, so we'll recruit him, his co-hosts Rob, Heather, and Sean, Sebastian, Sarah, Mary and Keri. With us, that brings us to ten people...

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

So if anyone doesn't wanna be on the show, we have plenty of backups.

ED

Swank. We got three days until our next solo show, so let's get to work.

EXT. ALFRED STATE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Ed and Brandon are going around, talking to the hosts they just discussed.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

Over the next few days, Brandon and Ed talked to all the DJ's they discussed bringing on the show. Some accepted their offer without much thought, assuming that being a regular co-host of the most visible show on the station could only improve their own show's ratings. Others, however, declined, wanting not to ride the coattails of "The Brandon Show"'s success.

Brandon and Ed are walking across campus, going over their progress.

ED

So, I got Mary and Keri. Sarah didn't want doing two shows to get in the way of her "serious academic pursuits."

BRANDON

Did she actually say that?

ED

Yep.

BRANDON

What a freak. And I scored us Sebastian, since I couldn't find the other guys.

ED

I hear they left school to do a cross-country trip or

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ED (cont'd)
something. Too bad my Mom would
kick my ass for doing something
like that, or I'd be all over it.

BRANDON
Me, too. However, that still
leaves us with two female co-hosts,
and three males. We should try to
find someone else to even it up.

ED
Back to your room, maybe figure
this out?

BRANDON
Yeah, sounds like a plan.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDON'S DORM ROOM

Brandon is seated at a desk in one corner of the room, while
Ed is sitting on the floor in another corner. There are
crumpled papers all around, and they've clearly been working
for hours.

BRANDON
Who else we got?

ED
Dude, we've been working on this
for how long now? Four
hours? Five? I barely remember my
own name, let alone the name of
random DJ number four-six-seven,
you know?

BRANDON
I know, but we have one more day to
figure this out. We're announcing
who's gonna be on the show Friday
on the show we're doing in thirty
minutes, and I wanna have a full
roster.

Chris comes walking in the room.

CHRIS
Hey, bro. Nerd-boy.

(CONTINUED)

ED

Whassup, toolbox?

CHRIS

What you guys workin' on?

BRANDON

Trying to find one more female
co-host for the show.

CHRIS

Why don't you use Spazz?

ED

Who?

CHRIS

The girl from the club fair I've
been seeing? She has a radio show,
too. Calls herself 'DJ Spazz,'
which, coincidentally, is what she
likes to be called when we're--

BRANDON

Too much info, Chris. But you
think you can ask her to have her
roommate come down to the station
tonight to talk to us?

ED

Could work out.

CHRIS

Sure. You guys go do your radio
thing, and I'll have her meet you
down there in about an hour, 'kay?

BRANDON

Thanks, man. You really came
through for me.

Brandon and Ed get up, leaving to go do the show.

CHRIS

Any time, man. Have a good
show. Stub a toe, or whatever.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH

Brandon and Ed are doing their show, getting their host on, and going about business-as-usual.

BRANDON

That's right; you can now hear "The Brandon Show" twice a week.

ED

In two flavors, no less: Original Recipe, with just Brandon and myself making total asses of ourselves, and Party Mix, with a bunch of other DJ's from your favorite WETD programs.

BRANDON

That lineup will be announced at the end of the show; but, for now, enjoy the song Ed dances to every night...

ED

...you said you wouldn't tell!

BRANDON

Sisqo's "Thong Song." We'll be back in a bit.

They turn on the music, take off their headphones, and turn toward each other.

ED

Okay, it's been, what, two hours since we talked to Chris? Where's this DJ Spazz chick?

BRANDON

I dunno, but I say if she doesn't show up in another fifteen, we announce the lineup as-is.

ED

Fair enough. I'll be back, gonna go get a drink of water. You want anything from the vending machines?

BRANDON

No, I'm good, thanks.

Ed turns to walk out the door, when he stops suddenly, as if something in the hall scares him.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON (cont'd)
And hurry back, I gotta take a...

Brandon turns his attention to the door, where he also sees whatever has Ed frozen in his tracks. Ed begins to back up, shocked, as Brandon says the only thing to come to his mind.

BRANDON (cont'd)
Crap.

The two stare in amazement of the creature before them: six feet tall, possibly weighing as much as two Brandon's, hair all over the place... its face, arms, legs, and God only knows where else... and long, red hair in ponytails. It wears pajama pants and a midriff shirt, exposing the beast's large belly. It lumbers in to the room, fairly unsteady on its feet, grunting all the while.

SPAZZ
Hey. I'm Chris' girlfriend,
Spazz. What's up?

Ed and Brandon stare in horror at the demon spawn before them; what manner of hell are they entering into to have had this unleashed upon them?

SPAZZ
Oh, is this "The Thong Song?" I
love this song! It always makes me
wanna dance!!

With that, Spazz begins to dance, much to the horror of the other two DJ's in the room. She's bumping and grinding in ways that no one of that size should be able to, all the while Ed and Brandon try to figure out ways in the room to kill themselves to make this all stop. After a few minutes, Brandon, realizing that he cannot take this anymore, snaps.

BRANDON
Stop! Please, for the love of all
that is good and decent, stop!

Spazz stops suddenly, shooting Brandon a disapproving look like no other.

SPAZZ
(Short, and angry.)
Stop. What.

ED
I believe he's saying that he wants
you to stop fooling around, since
we're both very excited to have you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ED (cont'd)
join us for the rest of our show
tonight. Aren't you?

BRANDON
Uh...

Ed shoots Brandon a look.

BRANDON (cont'd)
Absolutely.

SPAZZ
Oh. Well, okay. The song's almost
over, so we should get ourselves
ready, right?

BRANDON
Yeah. Yeah. We should.

Brandon leans in next to Ed.

BRANDON (cont'd)
(Whispering.)
Nice save.

ED
(Whispering.)
Guess we're even now.

Ed and Brandon put back on their headphones, and begin
introducing their new co-host.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
The living embodiment of having a
"Face for Radio," DJ Spazz did
remarkably well with Ed and
Brandon, becoming a key part of the
show that evening. Deciding that,
for the good of their cause, they
would have to stomach her, they
welcomed her with open arms to the
show.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH

Friday night rolls around, and the entire team is together
in the booth for the first-ever team edition of "The Brandon
Show." The excitement is electric, filling the room with an
almost visible energy.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

Beyond being the first show that they were going to do as a group, a legion of the most popular DJ's WETD had ever known, that Friday night's episode of "The Brandon Show" marked the first time that WETD was being simulcast live, on the internet. It was a shining point for the station, the school, and Brandon. Finally, perhaps, he would know the success that was denied to him when he was almost murdered by a crowd of his neighbors months before.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Wait. That's it?

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The Grandfather looks up from the book, confused as to why his grandson is stopping his reading.

GRANDFATHER

What?

CHRISTIAN

That's the story? "Oh, I'm so upset, I was almost killed," going to "oh, I gotta fight the radio station to stay on the air," and then some fat, bearded woman joining the team? That's the story? lame.

GRANDFATHER

Listen, kid, I'm only halfway through the book. If you don't wanna know how Brandon and Ed lose the show...

CHRISTIAN

They do?

GRANDFATHER

Oh, yeah. We got betrayal, spies, and even more lesbians in the second half.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTAN

Then consider this my apology for
interrupting you. Carry on.

GRANDFATHER

In a second. Now that I lost my
flow, I need a drink.

CHRISTAN

I got a pitcher of water right
there...

The Grandfather pulls out a flask from his coat.

GRANDFATHER

Not that kinda drink, kiddo. Play
your game for a minute, I'll be
right with you.